

LEAVE IT TO LOU

:-:

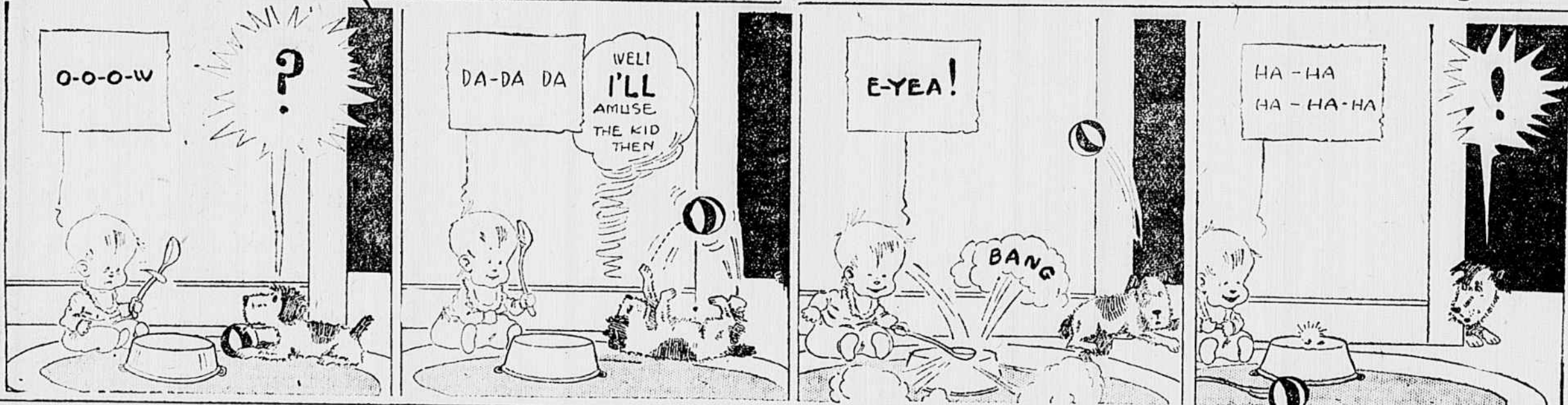
It's an Egg With a Past, Say We!



RUSTY AND BUB

:-:

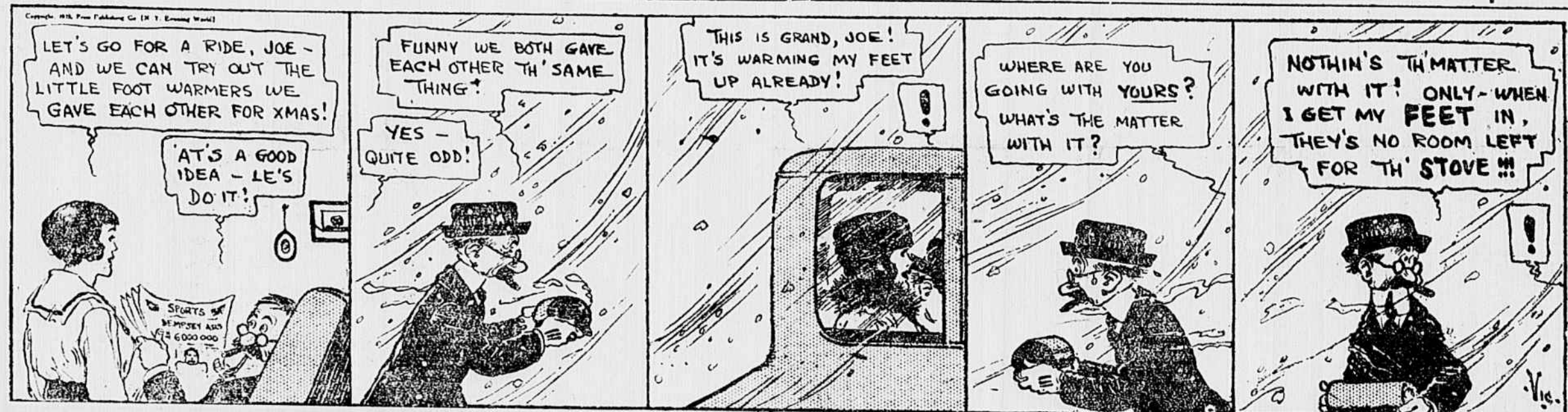
Bub Pulls Some Rough Stuff!



JOE'S CAR

:-:

Well, Joe, Make Alterations on Your Feet!



THE BIG LITTLE FAMILY

:-:

An' Use No Hooks, Too!



LITTLE MARY MIXUP

:-:

She's Game for Anything!



The Sandman Story

THE CATBIRD'S CALL.

Once upon a time, it is said, all the birds gathered in the woods one night to meet the fairies, for they had been so much with a bad Puss who visited the woods they wanted revenge.

"What we want," the birds told the Fairy Queen, "is to bother Puss. She has worried the life out of us, catching some of our family and sending us to the trees and getting our children. Of course, I cannot put Puss out of the way," said the Queen. "She is far too useful catching mice, but I do not approve of her bad habit of catching birds."

"She does catch them, and she must be punished," said the birds. "Do help us, Fairy Queen, or she will stay in the woods, and soon there will not be a bird left."

"I will tell you what I will do for you," said the Queen, after thinking a while. "Puss is very proud of her cat voice and if she thought anyone could mock her, I am sure she would be so ashamed she would run away at once."

"I will give to one of you birds the power to mock Puss, and every time she comes near the trees you can cry out at her in her own peculiar tones. All the birds began to cheer with glee, and then they fluttered about trying to decide which one should be given this power."

After a while a pretty little bird sooty-gray color, which in places deepened into a blackish-brown and a tall the lower part of which was a beautiful chestnut, flew to the tip of a branch and spoke.

"I have always wanted a name," it said. "To distinguish me from the other members of the very large family to which I belong, and if you will give me this power, Fairy Queen, and a name, I will be the one to mimic Puss the rest of my life."

"I am afraid you will not think the name a pretty one," said the Queen, "but because you are so brave and your branch of the family you shall be given, too, an attractive, you shall."

"You shall have the power to whistle and chuck and make mewling sounds, as well, and when you wish to sing all shall stop and listen to your voice, but as you will make the mewling sounds often than the others, you will have to bear the name of catbird all the days of your life."

The pretty little bird nodded that he was willing, and up to the limb where he sat the Queen and all her fairies floated, waving over and around him, their wands.

"Go back to your homes," said the Queen, "and tomorrow you will find you will soon be rid of your tormentor."

The next day when Puss came to the woods and began to prow around she was surprised to hear "Meow, meow, meow, meow," coming from one of the trees.

She looked up very angry, thinking that some other puss had come to her hunting grounds, but she was surprised to see looking down at her a saucy little bird, which again cried, "meow, meow, meow, meow," the other birds twittered and chattered in the most tantalizing manner.

Puss gave up and more look to make sure, and then she turned and ran, while through the wood rang the cry, "meow, meow, meow, meow."

And that is the way, so the fairies say, the Catbird got its name.—Copyright, 1936.

The Day's Good Stories

FROM MANY SOURCES

Not Entertainment.
"Gee," my cousin can tickle the violin. "Is he a professional piano player?" "No," he's a dentist."

On the Train.
"It wears me out completely to travel," your business compels you to do it, I presume."
"No, I am traveling for my health."

Melancholly Exception.
"Money makes the mare go," remarked the questionist.
"Not when Charlie bets his money," rejoined young Mrs. Torkins with a sigh.

Meant What He Said.
"Isn't that an odd sign, 'Cigars for Smoking'?" asked the man in the tobacconist's shop.
"Oh, I don't know," answered the proprietor, "but I have cigars for smoking and then I have cigars for Christmas presents."

Evenly Matched.
"You'd better be careful how you talk to that fellow."
"Why?"
"He's asked the rough-looking individual."
"He's hard-boiled."
"Don't worry. I'm a 'ten-minute' egg myself."

Sure, New York is Dry!
This is the way to order wine with a dinner nowadays in New York, according to Herbert Corey, war correspondent and feature writer.
First you establish relations with the head waiter. Then you wait for the proper moment. Then you summon him, and ask in a loud, clear tone, so that every one within hearing distance can catch the words:
"Charlie, did a boy leave a package here for me?"
"I don't know, sir," says Charlie.
"By and by he comes back."
"Yes, sir," says he. "There is a package in the hat-check room for you."
"Bring it in," says you.
So the package comes in, all nicely wrapped up in plenty of white paper, it is handed over the table to you with as much ostentation as the waiter can contrive. And you open it, and there is a bottle or several bottles of wine.
"Prappe it," says you. "And serve."

Puzzle Picture



Why is Willie frightened?
Draw from 1 to 2 and so on to the end.